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The hidden hand
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No. 48.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

A Drama in Five Acts.

BY ROBERT JONES.

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35. **True unto Death.** A Drama in Two Acts. By J. Sheridan Knowles. 6 Male, 2 Female characters.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

A Drama,

IN FIVE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTE'S
CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME,
PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK
LEDGER.

BY ROBERT JONES.

WITH

CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, ETC., ETC.,
CORRECTLY MARKED.

BOSTON:
GEO. M. BAKER & CO.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Boston Museum, 1860.

*Howard Athenæum,
Boston, 1860.*

*Academy of Music,
Providence, 1867.*

Indianapolis.

MAJOR IRA WARFIELD (*Hurricane*),

WOOL, *his servant*,

HERBERT GRAYSON, *Capitola's lover*,

BLACK DONALD, *the cotner*,

COL. LE NOIR, *his son*,

GRAVENSE ROCKE,

HEADLONG HAL,

GENTLEMAN DICK, } *coiners*,

STEALTHY STEVE,

POMP,

HARRY,

REORDER,

OFFICER,

PRIEST,

FOUR-CENT MAN,

CAPITOLA, *the newsboy and heiress*,

MARAH ROCKE,

CLARA DAY,

MRS. CONDIMENT,

DORCAS KNIGHT,

PIT-A-PAT,

UNKNOWN,

Mr. Wm. Warren,

" J. H. Ring,

" J. Wilson,

" W. H. Norton,

" J. Davies,

" E. M. Leslie,

" G. F. Ketchum,

" J. W. Shean,

" J. W. Blaisdell,

" D. Russell,

" Evans,

" James Nolan,

" J. W. Delano,

" ——— Barney,

" ——— Walker,

Miss Jo. Gougenheim,

Miss Lizzie Anderson,

Miss Ellen Wright,

Mrs. J. R. Vincent,

Mrs. E. Thompson,

Miss S. Mason,

Miss J. Wright,

Mr. F. Hardenbergh,

" F. S. Chanfrau,

" F. E. Aiken,

" H. Langdon,

" W. J. Lenoyne,

" J. S. McCullough,

" T. E. Litton,

" Walter Beun,

" N. D. Jones,

" ——— Gourley,

" W. H. Otis,

" J. H. Browne,

" J. W. Blaisdell,

" S. H. Verney,

" C. A. Bruce,

" ——— Walker,

Mrs. E. L. Davenport,

Mrs. W. H. Smith,

Miss Annie Clarke,

Mrs. J. E. Sylvester,

Miss O. Marshall,

Miss Gordon,

Miss Burbark,

Mr. W. M. Leman,

" Ferd. Hight,

" E. M. Leslie,

" D. R. Allen,

" J. W. Thoman,

" F. Salter,

" S. B. Villa,

" J. Clarke,

" Omitted,

" E. Mansou,

" T. H. Burns,

" Omitted,

" J. Scott,

" Morris,

" H. Watson,

" Omitted,

Miss Kitty Blanchard,

Mrs. Davids,

Mrs. E. M. Leslie,

Mrs. Louis Morse,

Miss A. Wallace,

Miss S. Warner,

Miss A. Byron,

Mr. F. Hight,

" F. S. Chanfrau,

" A. Rankin,

" J. W. Hill,

" C. H. Wilson,

" E. S. Marble,

" ———

" T. H. Burns,

" ———

" Super.

" T. H. Burns,

" Super.

" J. A. Hodges,

" E. S. Marble,

" L. L. Sharpe,

" Omitted,

Mrs. M. A. Pennoyer,

" J. A. Hodges,

" W. H. Riley,

" D. Hanchett,

" F. Hight,

Miss J. Love,

Mrs. Peck,

POLICEMEN, PORTERS, BLACKMEN, NEGROES, &c. &c.

COSTUMES — Modern.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION — Two hours and thirty minutes.

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207

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THE HIDDEN HAND.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *The Hudson River Railroad Depot, New York. — Apple-woman's stand, R. H. — People passing and re-passing. — Four-cent Man, news-boys, &c., discovered. — Music. — HARRY WILLING and GENTLEMAN DICK enter, L. 2 E. — Policeman crosses from R. to L., watching them.*

Newsboy. Buy a paper, sir? 'erald and Ledger.

Dick (R.) No; get out. I never patronize the papers, because they're down upon our fraternity. But, Harry, this is dull work. I haven't taken a trick to-day.

Harry (L.) Nor I either. The greenies are scarce, now. What few do come to town are warned so much by the newspapers that we don't stand the ghost of a chance to make a living. If this thing goes on much longer, I shall starve to death.

Dick. Not a bit of it, my boy. Have courage. Our country owes us a living; and if she don't find me one, it won't be my fault. (*During this, the cars have passed into the depot. — Bell now rings.*) Ah, there's the cars. Come along, and let's see if we can't find a victim.

(*They exit, L. H. 2 E. — A number of hackmen cross from R. to L., encountering MAJOR WARFIELD, who enters, L. 2 E., surrounded and followed by newsboys, porters, hackmen, &c.*)

Hackman. St. Nicholas, Metropolitan, La Farge, and Everett House, sir?

Hurricane. No; confound you!

Newsboy. Carry your portmanteau, sir?

Hur. Get out, you rascals! I'll see you hanged first. Out of the way, or I'll break your head, sirrah. (*Striking about at random, with his portmanteau, he drives them off, L. 2 E.*) Phew! they don't rob me, if I know it. Well, here I am, on a wild-geese chase, I suppose; and yet old Nancy Grewel must have

spoke the truth about the child. If it be so, Gabriel Le Noir, better you had cast yourself down from the highest rock of the range, than thus have fallen into my power.

(During this, CAPITOLA has entered. — She is dressed in rags, as a newsboy, and has a bundle of newspapers under her arm. — She goes to apple-stand, buys an apple, munches it, and, by the end of HURRICANE'S speech, advances to him.)

Capitola (advances). Please, sir, do you want your carpet-bag carried?

Hur. Good gracious! this must be crown prince and heir apparent to the king of shreds and patches.

Cap. Well, governor, if you've looked long enough, perhaps you'll know me next time.

Hur. O Lord! he looks as if he'd never seen soap and water in all his life. I reckon I'll give you the job, my son.

Cap. O crickey! his son; my governor's turned up at last! Do you hear that, fellows? *(To newsboys, who have been passing on and off all through this scene.)* I always had an impression that I had a father, at some period of my life; and here he is. Who knows but what I might have had a mother also? How's the old woman, sir?

Hur. What are you talking about, you infatuated tatterdemalion! If it wasn't for pity, demme — demme — I'd have you put in the pillory.

Cap. Thank'ee, sir, I have not had a pillow under my head for a long time.

Hur. Silence, ragamuffin!

Cap. Just so; a dumb girl is better than a talking one.

Hur. Boy, do you know such a place as Rag Alley?

Cap. Do I? Don't I? There's the very place. *(Points R.)*

Hur. There? Why, that's a handsome street.

Cap. That's it though; but 'taint called Rag Alley now; it's Hifalutin Terrace. Them tenements you talk of was pulled down more'n a year ago, and those houses put up in their place.

Hur. And what became of the original tenants?

Cap. (spouting). "Ask of the winds that for miles around, with fragments strewed the sea!" Oh! blown away; thrown away with the rest of the rubbish.

Hur. Humph, demme, then the trace is lost. But let me see that I am right. *(Takes out paper, and reads: "Go to New York—find out a family by the name of Simmons, who resides in Rag Alley—with them you will find the child.")* So I am correct. What shall I do now, — advertise in the papers, or apply to the police? I'll do both. Yes, I'll go at once. Here, boy *(to CAPITOLA)*, carry my portmanteau up to the Astor House; and there's for your trouble. *(Gives her a dollar. — Crosses to R.)*

Cap. (aside). Why, lord, it can't be; he must have made a mistake. What if he did? I don't care. Yes I do, though, honor bright — I say, governor?

Hur. Well, my lad.

Cap. You've been and gone and give me a whole dollar, by mistake.

Hur. How the devil do you know it's a mistake, you monkey you? Take it, and be off with you.

Cap. Stay, governor, don't tempt me, because you see I'm not sure I could keep honest if I was tempted too hard. I know you're from the country, and I must not impose upon your ignorance.

Hur. My ignorance — demme — you impudent villain!

Cap. Yes, you aint cut your eye-teeth yet; you aint up to snuff; you don't know nothing; it's lucky you fell in with an honest lad like me, that would not impose upon your innocence. Why, the usual price isn't more than a dime.

Hur. What do I care for the usual price, you — you — prodigy of patches. There, there's an eagle for your honesty; and for the Lord's sake get yourself a decent suit of clothes. (*Gives money.*)

Cap. He's mad! I wonder who his keeper is? — Thank you, sir. I'll go and tell the police to keep an eye on him. I say, fellows, come along; I'll stand the coffee and cakes. Here's the Herald, Tribune, and Ledger.

(*Exits, L. 1 E. carrying the portmanteau, and followed by the news-boys. — The apple-woman on R. now moves off slowly, R. 2 E., with her stand.*)

Hur. Demme, I wouldn't have believed it; — honesty in the streets of New York. Why, I've heard that a stranger is certain to be plucked by the sharpers who infest the streets; and here I have a positive contradiction. Now then, for the Police Court. 'Tis there I must seek my information, now.

(*As he is going off, R. H. 1 E., GENTLEMAN DICK, dressed as a Methodist parson, and followed by Harry, disguised as a porter, enters hastily, L. 2 E.*)

Dick (to HURRICANE). Sir, my dear sir, I beg pardon; but could you oblige me with change for a twenty-dollar bill? I am about to leave by the next train, and I wish to give this good man five dollars. You'll oblige me much if you can accommodate me.

Hur. Oh, certainly, sir; with the greatest pleasure. (*Takes out pocket-book.*) There, sir, two fives and a ten. Will that suit?

Dick. Thank you, sir. At any time I can return the favor, command me. My card, sir. Should you be in our part of the city, shall be glad to have you call upon me. (*To HARRY*) There, my good man. (*Gives him a bill.*) Now then, quick, or I shall lose the cars. (*Exit, hastily L. 2 E., with HARRY. — People are crossing, during this, at back.*)

Hur. (*reads card*). Reverend Zebediah Hawkins. Really a very respectable gentleman. If I have time, I'll call upon him.

Now then, for the Police Court. (*He exits, R. 1 E. — Music. — Four-cent Man enters, R. 2 E.*)

F. C. Man. (*crosses to C.*) Anything on the board for four cents.

Enter woman, L. 1 E.

Woman (*takes up tooth-brush*). What's the price of this tooth-brush?

F. C. Man. Twenty-five cents, ma'am.

Woman. Why, didn't you say anything on the board four cents?

F. C. Man. Yes, ma'am; but that's in your hand. Second-hand ones half price. (*Woman throws down brush on board, indignantly, and exits, R. 1 E. — Four-cent Man exits, L. 2 E., crying "Any article," &c. — Music continues PP until scene changes.*)

SCENE 2. — *Interior of Police Court, in the Tombs. — Judge and clerks discovered. — Desk, C. — Policeman. — Spectators on R. and L. At opening of scene, a confused murmuring.*

Judge (*C.*) Order in the court!

Hurricane (*outside*). But I tell you I wish to see the Chief of the Police.

Officer (*outside*). You'll find him on the other side of the hall. (*HURRICANE enters, R. 1 E. — A noise heard, L. 1 E., and CAPITOLA's voice.*)

Cap. (*outside*). I tell you I haint done nothin'. (*Officer drags her on, followed by a crowd of newsboys.*)

Hur. (*R.*) Eh? what's this? in trouble, my lad? Come, pluck up. I'll see you through.

Officer. Lad! Why, Lord bless your soul, sir, she's a girl, in boy's clothes. (*To CAPITOLA*) You young devil! you deserve to be sent up for three months, at least. (*Shakes her roughly.*)

Hur. (*in a rage, crossing to C.*) A girl, is she? Then, demme, sir, whether in boys' clothes, men's clothes, soldiers' clothes, or no clothes at all, treat her with the delicacy due to womanhood! She is a poor, friendless child; so no more hard words to her, or, by the Everlasting! I'll —

Judge. Order! order!

Hur. (*crossing back to R.*) Yes, judge, I will keep order, if you'll make that brute of a policeman reform his language.

Cap. Governor, don't keep a lettin' out in that way or they'll commit you for contempt.

Hur. I plead guilty to contempt. I suppose they'll imprison you next. But they sha'n't do it. I, Major Warfield, of Virginia, tell you so, my boy — girl, I mean.

Cap. What an innocent old lion you are!

Judge. Order! What's your name, my lad — girl, I should say?

Cap. Capitola, sir.

Hur. (*aside*). Capitola — Capitola. That's the name of the

child I'm after. Can't be two Capitolas in the world. But *you* listen, and say nothing. (*Takes chair, R.*)

Judge. Capitola what?

Cap. Nothing, sir. I aint got no more than Capitola, sir.

Judge. Who is your father?

Cap. Never had none that I knows on, sir.

Judge. Your mother?

Cap. Never had a mother, sir, as ever I heard.

Judge. Where do you live?

Cap. About in spots.

Hur. O Lord! O Lord!

Judge. Order, there! What's your calling?

Cap. Selling papers, sweeping crossings, blacking boots, and so on.

Judge. What tempted you to put yourself in boys' attire?

Cap. Want, sir, and — and — (*sobbing*) — danger.

Hur. Oh! — demme! — oh! oh!

Judge. Order! Give a clear account of yourself; — give a clear account, now. Go on, my good boy — girl, I mean.

Hur. (*hastily*). Yes, demme, go on.

Judge. Will you keep order, sir? Go on, girl.

Cap. It isn't much, sir, I have to tell. I was brought up in Rag Alley, by an old woman named Nancy Grewell. I never suffered cold or hunger until about eighteen months ago, when Granny took it into her head to go down to Virginia. She never came back again, and by that I knew she must have died.

Hur. Ah! poor child! poor child!

Cap. Well, for a month or two I got along well enough; a poor family, named Simmons, gave me shelter; and I did little odd jobs for my food, till at length they moved away from the city.

Judge. And you were left all alone?

Cap. Yes, sir, in the empty house, till it should be rented to another tenant; but it never was rented, for word went round that the whole row was to be pulled down, and so I had leave to stay as long as the rats did.

Judge. But how did you get your bread, now?

Cap. Didn't get it at all, sir, bread was too dear. I sold my clothes, piece by piece, to an old Jew; bought corn meal, and picked up chips enough to make a fire, and cooked a little mush every day, in an old tin can I found in the house. So I lived on for two or three weeks; then, when my meal was about gone I commenced and made gruel.

Judge. But why did you not seek for something to do?

Cap. I tried every hour in the day; but nobody seemed to want me; some laughed at me, and there seemed nothing but starvation and death before me.

Hur. O Lord! O Lord! that such things should be, in a Christian land!

Judge. Will you keep order, sir?

Cap. But there was worse behind; there came a day when my meal was all gone; then I kept life in me by drinking water, and sleeping all I could. One morning I was waked up by a great noise; I staggered to my feet, and there, sir, were the workmen pulling down the house over my head. Fright gave me strength to run from it, and then I paused and looked; the last shelter was gone from me, so I thought I'd go and pitch myself into the river.

Judge. That was a wicked thought, girl.

Cap. I know it was. Well, sir, the hand that feeds the ravens kept me from dying that day. I found a five-cent piece, bought a muffin, and when night came I hid myself behind a pile of planks in a lumber yard. I slept till morning. Well, not to tire your honor, I lived on my half dime, spending a cent a day, and sleeping sometimes under the stoop of a house, sometimes in the lumber yard, but always in danger from bad men and boys; but (*sobbing*) I took care of myself, (*fiercely*); you mustn't any of you dare to think but what I did.

Officer. Oh, of course you did — of course. Ha, ha, ha!

Hur. (*starts up, and crosses to c.*) What do you mean by "Of course," you villain? Demme, I'll swear she did; and if any man dares to hint otherwise, I'll ram his falsehood down his throat with my walking-stick. (*Threatening.*)

Judge. Order! order, I say!

Hur. (*crosses to r.*) Yes, judge, I'll regard order. But if the Court doesn't protect the child from insult, I will, order or no order, demme! (*Sits.*)

Cap. Governor, don't be so noisy, or they will put you in the stone jug. Why, you remind me of an old fellow granny used to talk about, — old Hurricane they called him, because he was so stormy.

Hur. Ha, ha! she's heard of me, then.

Cap. Well, your honor, when my last penny was gone, a bright thought struck me. I wondered why I had been so stupid as not to think of it before, so I ran to the old Jew's shop and swapped my suit of girl's for the raggedest suit of boy's clothes he had in the shop. I went into that shop a girl and came out a boy. My long ringlets he gave me sixpence for.

Hur. Yes, all was grist that comes to his mill.

Cap. That's so, governor; well, that night I slept in peace, behind a pile of boxes, and in the morning I found plenty to do; I bought papers and sold 'em, carried carpet-bags, cleaned sidewalks, and did anything an honest lad could turn his hand to, and for more than a year I was happy as a king. This morning, as I was on my way, governor, with your portman-teau, the wind blowed off my hat, and the policeman blowed on me.

Judge. I'm afraid we shall have to send her to the House of Refuge.

Hur. (aside). Demme if you do, though. (*To Judge*) Judge, if a legal guardian appears to claim this girl, may she not be delivered into his hands?

Judge. Most assuredly.

Hur. Then, sir, I, Ira Warfield, of Hurricane Hall, in Virginia, claim this girl, Capitola Black, as my ward. For my personal responsibility, I refer you to the proprietors of the Astor House, who have known me for years.

Judge. It is not necessary, Mr. Warfield. We assume the fact of your responsibility, and deliver up the girl to your charge.

Hur. I thank you, judge. Capitola, will you go down to old Virginia with me?

Cap. Will I? won't I? because I know you'll be kind to me.

Hur. Kind! Ay, that I will. But I say, I shall have to trust to your girl's wit to get yourself into your proper clothes without exciting further notice.

Cap. All right, governor; there's a ready-made clothing shop at the "Needle-Woman's Aid," round the corner. I can go down there and get rigged out.

Hur. Rigged out! Oh, demme! Well, there's a twenty-dollar bill. Call a hack, and when you've got everything arranged drive back to the Astor, where I shall be to receive you. Good morning, judge. (*Going R.*)

Cap. I say, governor, none of that, now; it won't do. You can't come that on me.

Hur. Demme! what do you mean?

Cap. Why, this bill is bogus! — it's queer!

Hur. Bogus! — queer!

Cap. It's a bad bill. Why, don't you see, Clam Bank, Coney Island.

Hur. But I received it from a most respectable individual.

Cap. Lor' bless your green soul! you've been done; that individual was nothing less than a sharper; I shall have to keep you under my eye; you aint old enough to take care of yourself.

Hur. Oh, the Lord! I, Ira Warfield, to be taken in by a sharper! I'll — demme — let's find the rogue! (*Spectators laugh.*) What the deuce are you laughing at, you villains you? Laugh at me! Come along, boy — girl, I mean. We'll hunt this rascal up; and if I find him I'll ram this bill down his con-founded throat with my walking-stick. (*He is going R., when GENTLEMAN DICK enters, still dressed as the parson, R. 1 E. — Hurried music till end of act.*) Demme, there he is! (*Seizes DICK, throws him round to C., and belabors him with cane. — The Judge rises, calling "Order!" — Officer endeavors to interfere. — CAPITOLA jumps on stool.*)

Cap. Go it, governor! — two to one on the gov. (*Waves cap. — Act-drop descends rapidly.*)

ACT II.

SCENE 1. — *A chamber in Hurricane Hall, 1st G. — Music, "Way down in Old Virginny."*

Enter WOOL, R. 1 E.

Wool. Yah, yah! 'pears to me ole massa isn't right in his head-piece, eber since he went to see de ole witch, and den went off to New York; and now's come back wid a young gal dey call Miss Catapiller. Yah, yah! golly, dar's a name, I believe you. She's bos of de house, now. Ole Missus Cardimens aint no whar. Don't she star em round, I b'lieve you! She aint no fool, she aint. Well, tings is altered a good deal; and dem as libs longest will see de most.

Capitola (without). Come along, governor.

Enter CAPITOLA, L. 1 E., dragging HURRICANE by both hands, and laughing.

Hur. She — shew! you witch! stop, will you! demme!

Cap. Never mind, gov., it will do you good, you've all been asleep in this old house, and I intend to wake you up a bit.

Wool. Yes, I believe you. Yah, yah, yah!

Hur. Well now tell me, Cap, how do you like your new home?

Cap. Oh, gloriously! What a jolly place it is! I like it all but that old dingy room that your house-keeper has been kind enough to put me in.

Hur. What, the old room in the east wing, eh? I tell you what, girl, if that room could speak, it could tell many a queer tale. There is a trap-door in it.

Cap. A trap-door! Where?

Hur. In front of the fireplace, beneath the hearth-rug. But you shall have another, if you don't like that.

Cap. No, no, gov., you've roused my curiosity, and I rather think I shall like it.

Wool. More'n I should, by golly!

Cap. Come, let's hear all about it? Is there a cellar under that trap?

Hur. I never took the trouble to ascertain.

Wool. But I did, massa major; I found out all about it.

Hur. You, you black scoundrel!

Wool. Yes, I believe you. You see, Mrs. Condiment told I and Pit-a-Pat to get de room ready for Miss Catapiller; and while we was doing so, de rug was moved. I seed dar was a door dar; so I slips de bolt, and down it fell; and dere I saw —

Cap. } Well, what?

Hur. }

Wool. Nuffin —

Cap. Nothing!

Wool. But a big hole! But dat isn't all. You see, I got a little curious; so I got a lighted stick from de fire, and held it down as far as I could reach; and den I saw —

Cap. Well, what? what?

Wool. Nuffin, too.

Hur. Why, you black scoundrel, do you call that finding out all about it? Demme, sir, none of your jokes, or I'll break your confounded thick head for you.

Cap. There, there, that'll do, gov.; now tell me all about the trap-door.

Hur. Report says it was constructed to deceive the Indians. That room belongs to the oldest part of the house; and the first owner of it was Henri Le Noir, one of the grandest villains that ever lived. They say it has an outlet that reaches to the Devil's Punch-bowl, in the hills over yonder.

Cap. The Devil's Punch-bowl!

Wool. I shouldn't like to drink any punch out of dat bowl.

Hur. Yes, a hollow that drops suddenly in the hills, in the shape of a punch-bowl; long the resort of villains, and men of the worst stamp. Hence its name.

Cap. I must see that place.

Hur. What, girl! If you value your life, avoid that spot. In short, I command you never in all your rides to go beyond the base of the hills.

Cap. Command; come, I like that, gov.; you know I'm not used to being commanded. I didn't live in Rag Alley for nothing, I can tell you.

Hur. Rag Alley! Will you never forget that home of rags and tatters?

Cap. It was the home of independence, if it was one of poverty; but there, we won't quarrel about it.

Wool. Better not, Miss Catapiller. De massa's de debel when he's angry.

Hur. And now, you jade, I've got a pony I intend to give you. You must learn to ride.

Cap. I learn to ride? O nunkey! where is he? let me see him. I shall go crazy with joy!

Wool. Yes, miss, a pony. A pony is a young horse.

Hur. Silence! He's on the lawn, yonder. He's rather skittish. You'll perhaps get a fall or two; but that'll bring you back to your senses.

Wool. Don't know about dat, massa major. Don't you 'member de fust time I mount him?

Hur. I do, you black thief. Ha, ha, ha! he pitched you over his head twenty feet; and if your skull hadn't been plaguy thick, you wouldn't have been worth a picayune this day. Remember it? Demme, I do. I never laughed so much in all my life. (*Both laugh heartily at WOOL.*)

Wool. Yes, yes, I believe you. But, I say, massa, you remember, also, when you tried your hand at him?

Hur. What do you mean, you rascal? If you dare —

Cap. Oh, yes, let's have it. Tell it, Wool.

Wool. Well, jest make massa stand closer off. Well, you see, he rard up, and ole massa turned a summerset over into de swamp; and dar he was, wid his two legs standing in de air, and his head sticking in de mud. Golly, how de niggers did larf. (*During this, HURRICANE has been working himself into a tremendous rage, and now flings his cane at WOOL, who dodges it, and runs off L. 1 E. — CAPITOLA has withheld the major, laughing. — WOOL re-enters.*) Yes, I believe you! (*Disappears, L. 1 E.*)

Hur. The black scoundrel! to dare to laugh at me! The — Egad, I don't wonder at it; for there I lay, like a shipwrecked tea-table. Though if I didn't feel so happy I'd murder the rascal, demme.

Cap. And are you really happy, gov.?

Hur. Don't you think I ought to be, finding two lost relations at once? Though how the devil I stumbled over the boy Herbert is a mystery to me.

Cap. Ah, nunkey, but for him you might not have had the pleasure of falling in with me.

Hur. Pleasure, madcap! Do you really think it is a pleasure to me?

Cap. Why, haven't I kept you all alive since I have been here?

Hur. By the Lord! you've turned everything topsyturvy; and as to Mrs. Condiment, hang me if I think she knows whether she stands on her head or her heels. But I say, Cap, do you know these friends that Herbert has gone to visit? Who are they?

Cap. A poor widow and her son, who, when his mother died, reared him as their own.

Hur. Noble woman! I'll make her fortune for her; and so I told Herbert to say to her.

Cap. Oh, what a capital old gov. you are; and what are you going to do for me?

Hur. Send you to a lunatic asylum; but as for that poor noble-hearted widow, I'll — I'll —

Cap. Marry her yourself, won't you, nunkey? Ha! ha! ha!

Hur. Perhaps I will, if it's only to keep you out of trouble and in order, you baggage you. But how was it that Herbert never mentioned the name of these good people?

Cap. I say, gov., wait till he comes back, and then see how long he will talk of them without mentioning their names.

Hur. So I will, Cap; so I will, no matter what the name may be. She's a good woman; and, demme, I'll make her happy, and place her above want.

Cap. Over my head; eh, nunkey? Ha, ha, ha!

Hur. Silence, you moukey, or I'll go and propose to her at once.

Cap. Ha! ha! ha!

Hur. Zounds and the devil! I'll — I'll — Here, Wool!
(*Wool enters, hastily, L. 1 E. — HURRICANE makes a blow at him with his cane, which he avoids, and crosses to C. — HURRICANE goes L.*) Go to the devil, you black imp! [*Exit, in rage, L. 1 E.*]

Wool. After you, massa.

Can. Ha! ha! a narrow escape, Wool.

Wool. Yes, I believe you. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

Cap. What a fiery old gov. he is, to be sure; but I'll tame him down, I warrant. There's no fires or musses, as we used to have in Rag Alley. But about that trap-door, if I don't find out the mystery about it, if there is one, you can call me a spooney. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

SCENE 2. — *Log kitchen in the old inn. — A large fireplace, with fire, L. C. — Door in flat, R., with bar across it. — Whole appearance of scene dilapidated. — Large oak table R. C., with four chairs. — Pewter mugs, stone bottles, &c., on table. — HEADLONG HAL, STEALTHY STEVE, and DEMON DICK discovered at table. — Bold music.*

Hal. I wish the captain would come. Where can he have got to?

Steve. Oh, he's gone to hear the people talk, and find out what they say of him.

Hal. I shouldn't think it would require much seeking that. But what's the matter with Dick?

Steve. He's in a bad humor to-night.

Hal. Was he ever in a good one? (*Whistle heard. — All start.*) But hush! the captain! (*Music. — Goes to door and opens it. — BLACK DONALD appears disguised as a Quaker. — Men all start back astonished. — DONALD enters, throws himself into a chair, and laughs.*)

Hal. Captain, I don't know what you think of it, but I think it's just as churlish to laugh alone as to get drunk in solitude.

Donald (c.) Oh, you shall laugh too, lads; listen. In this meek disguise I went peddling to-day.

Hal (r.) Ay, we know, but have a care you don't go once too often.

Don. I have been for the last time, and where think you I sought for trade? Why, in the very paws of the lion. In a word, I sold cigars and smoking caps to the judge, and gold spectacles. (*Rises.*)

Hal and company. No!

Don. Yes!

Hal and company. Ha! ha! ha!

Don. Ay, and to the sheriff, John Reece, I offered a pair of steel handcuffs to use if ever he caught that grand rascal, Black Donald.

Hal. And what said he?

Don. That he had some hopes of taking the rascal at last. I

told him it would be a great day for Alleghany, and when he was hanged I would endeavor to be present myself. "Do," said he. I thought, however, it was time to be off, and said, "thee had better let me sell thee these handcuffs, John. I will show thee their beautiful machinery; hold out thy wrists, John."

Hal. And did he?

Don. By the Lord he did! In an instant I snapped them on him, and shouting my name, disappeared before he had collected his faculties and discovered his position.

Hal and company. Ha! ha! ha! (*Whistle heard. — All pause.*)

Don. (*crosses to R. of table and sits*). Hush! Devil burn ye! There's some one coming. (*Goes to door. — Gives signal. — It is answered without.*) It is Le Noir, who was to meet me here to-night on important business.

Hal. The colonel! (*Music. — DONALD opens door, R. H. F.*)

Enter LE NOIR, at door, disguised in cloak.

Le Noir. Donald, I would have a word with you. (*Sits L. of table.*)

Don. At your command, colonel. Leave us, fellows. (*HAL, STEVE, and DICK, exit through door R. 1 E.*) You seem disturbed, colonel. (*Sits, R.*)

Le N. Ay, man, I am disturbed. I'm suffering from the pangs of remorse.

Don. Remorse! Ha! ha! ha!

Le N. Not for those acts of self-preservation which fanatics would call crimes, but in every vein of my soul I repent not having silenced in the Hidden House that old woman and the child thirteen years ago.

Don. I told you at the time it were better to send them on a longer journey. We live to kill, say the butchers; so do we. The world was made for the strong and cunning.

Le N. Donald, that child has returned to the neighborhood.

Don. The devil she has!

Le N. Her name is Capitola. She's the living image of her mother. What proofs may be in old Warfield's possession I know not. All that I have discovered is that old Nancy Grewell returned; that the night before she died she sent for Major Warfield, had a long interview with him, and that shortly afterwards he travelled to the North and brought home this girl. Donald, this is no time for weakness; this girl, this Capitola, MUST DIE!

Don. That's so, colonel. It's a pity it was not done thirteen years ago. It's easier to pinch a baby's nose than to stifle a young girl's shrieks and cries.

Le N. I know there will be additional risks; but hark ye! the day you bring me proof that Capitola Le Noir is dead, one thousand dollars is yours.

Don. Ha! ha! ha! Capitola Le Noir is the heiress to half a million of dollars, and you offer me, to put her out of the way, one thousand dollars! Ha! ha! ha!

Le N. Villain! the government does not value your whole carcass at more than I offer for the temporary use of your hands.

Don. No ill names, your honor. They are like kicking guns, apt to recoil.

Le N. You forget you are in my power.

Don. I remember that you are in mine, for the day that Black Donald stands at the bar, Col. Le Noir will certainly be beside him.

Le N. (rises, goes down L.) Enough! Do you take me for one of your pals?

Don. (R., rises). No! my pals are too poor to hire their work done; but then they are brave enough to do it themselves. In one word, I demand ten thousand dollars. Five thousand in advance, the remainder when the deed's done.

Le N. Extortion!

Don. If you don't like the terms, you need not employ me.

Le N. You take advantage of my necessities.

Don. Not at all. But I'm tired of this sort of life, and wish to retire from active business. I want to emigrate, settle, marry, get elected to Congress, perhaps to the White House. Ten thousand dollars will give me a fair start. Many a successful politician, as your honor knows, has started on less capital than that.

Le N. (aside). He has me in his power. Why should I hesitate? *(Aloud)* Well, I agree to the terms; meet me here to-morrow evening and the money shall be yours. In the mean time, be careful; a mistake might be fatal.

Don. Oh, you can trust me.

Le N. Good-night then, and remember to-morrow. *(Music, bold.)*

[Exit D. F.]

Don. Ha! ha! ha! Why does that man think it needful to look so villanous? If I were to go about in such a bandit-like dress as that, every child I met would take me for what I am. 'Tis strange this girl should have returned. Gad! I'll first see what sort of a thing it is. I must get sight of her. But how? I have it! Lucky thought! Truly, Donald, thou hast enacted so many parts, it would be hard if thou canst not successfully assume one now. Ho, there, lads! lads! *[Exit R. U. E.]*

SCENE 3. — *A plain kitchen in the home of Marah Roche. — Window in flat, with plain curtains. — Music, "The Heart Bowed Down, etc."*

Enter MARAH, R. 1 E., slowly, towards the end of music.

Marah. There; supper is ready and my dear son Traverse will soon be home to enjoy it. Ah, hard, hard is the fate which compels him to toil, early and late, for my support! Yet how willingly he does it! Well, well, I must not complain; it is the will of Providence, and it were impious in me to murmur.

Enter TRAVERSE, L. 1 E. (Goes to MARRI and kisses her.)

Traverse. Mother, dear mother!

Mar. Will you never have outgrown your babyhood?

Tra. Yes, dear mother, in everything but the privilege of loving you. That I shall never outgrow (*Kisses*). Mother, I shall not be wanted any longer at the store. Mr. Specie's man has recovered his health and returned to his work.

Mar. So they have discharged you?

Tra. Yes! But how fortunate! for I shall be able, to-morrow, to do all the little odd jobs about the garden that have been waiting for me so long, and then on Monday I shall get more work.

Mar. I wish I were sure of it.

Tra. What do you think, mother, has become of Herbert, my foster-brother?

Mar. I dread to conjecture. It is now nearly three years since we have heard from him.

Tra. Do you think he has been lost at sea?

Mar. No! I feel assured it is not so. Do you know, Traverse, that for the past three nights I have dreamt of him; and if I were at all superstitious I should say that his spirit was hovering near me now.

Tra. Then he will come back. Ha! what step is that?

Herbert (Outside, L. 1 E.). Traverse! Mother!

Tra. 'Tis Herbert! 'Tis he, mother!

Enter HERBERT hastily, L. 1 E.

Her. Traverse! (*Shakes hands with him, and crosses to C.*) Mother! (*Embraces her.*)

Tra. O Herbert, I am so glad to see you.

Her. Brother, I have come to repay all your acts of kindness to me. But, mother, you do not welcome me!

Mar. (embracing him). My son! my sailor boy! it's my own blood. Welcome back again. You have travelled far; I will get supper for you directly.

Her. Do not trouble yourself; I took supper three miles back, where the stage stopped.

Mar. Why, Herbert, have you been so silent? For three years we have not received one line from you.

Her. And can you think I had forgotten you? No, no! My heart yearned too fondly for the protectors of my youth. In each port that our ship has stopped have I mailed remembrances to you.

Mar. I believe thee, Herbert; and 'twas the thought of thy strong affection which made me fear that death had taken thee for its victim. But thou art here now, and I am happy once again.

Her. And now let me tell you the good news I have for you.

Mar. Oh, tell it, tell it! Have you got a ship of your own, Herbert?

Her. Better than that. You know that I had a rich uncle whom I had never seen, because, from the time of my dear mother's marriage to her death, she and her brother had been estranged from each other?

Mar. (confused). Yes, yes! I have heard so; but your mother and myself never alluded to the subject.

Her. Exactly! Well, when I came on shore, who should I meet at the hotel but this rich uncle! He knew me at once, received me with much kindness, and has offered me a home beneath his roof. Are you not glad at my good fortune?

Tra. Oh, yes! indeed we are. Herbert, I give you joy.

Her. I knew you'd be glad for me; but now I want you to be glad yourselves. When I told him what friends you had been to me —

Mar. (hastily). Oh, no! You did not—you did not mention us to him?

Tra. (crosses to c.) Why, mother! Why should I not? Was there anything wrong in that?

Mar. No, no! certainly not! I forgot—I—only that we are poor, and should not be forced upon the attention of the rich. Well, Herbert, as you were saying about my—Major Warfield's kindness—go on. *(Crosses to c.)*

Her. When I told him how kind you had been to me, he was moved to tears. I saw the teardrops glistening in his eye, as he walked the floor, muttering to himself,—poor woman,—good woman,—excellent woman.

Mar. Go on! What more did he say?

Her. That all that he could do for you was but a sacred debt he owed you, and that, in fact, he would compensate for the past by doing you and yours full justice.

Mar. He acknowledged it! Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

Tra. Mother, what is the meaning of this? Tell us what it is.

Mar. I am so happy at last! After eighteen years of patient hoping against hope! Oh, I shall go mad with joy! But tell me, Herbert, are you sure that he—that Major Warfield—knew who we were?

Her. Yes! I told him all about you,—your troubles, your disinterestedness, and all your history ever since I knew you.

Mar. Then you are sure he knew who he was talking about?

Her. Of course he did.

Mar. Did he allude to any previous acquaintance with us?

Her. No, mother, except that he bade me hasten to you and make you glad with his message, and to return as quick as possible, and let him know whether you would accept his offers.

Mar. Accept them! Oh, yes, yes! I have waited for them for years. Oh, children, you gaze upon me as if you thought me mad. I am not so, nor can I now explain myself; but you will know all soon. Go, then, dear Herbert, tell him I accept

with joy his offer, for the sake of Traverse. My child, — oh, joy! — the hour long looked for has come at last. (*Crosses c.*) Providence, how bountiful are thy ways! My heart is too full! Tears, come to my aid! In the solitude of my chamber let me pour out my thanks to that benignant Power that watches over the shorn lamb.

[*Exit, hastily, R. 1 E.*]

Trav. What can be the meaning of this, Herbert? I can't understand it.

Her. But I can, Traverse. Poverty is hard to bear, and the hope that for your sake her trials are over, has overjoyed her. I shall away at once. Go you to your mother; soothe her till I return, to convey her to that home she so much deserves, and shall hereafter enjoy.

[*Shakes hands with TRAVERSE, exit L. 1 E.*]

[*TRAVERSE exit, R. 1 E.*]

SCENE 4. — *The Plantation at Hurricane Hall. Tobacco growing at back, with negroes at work. A row of large trees on L. H. side. Fountain R. 2. E., and large stone basin to receive the water. A low hedge runs across stage, at back, with opening C. The portico of the house, on steps is R. 3 & 4 E. A large bin, supposed to contain meal, &c., R. 2 E. Music, "My Old Kentucky Home."*

Enter MRS. CONDIMENT, from house, R. H.

Mrs. C. Here, Wool, — Wool! . Where can that lazy nigger be? it's lucky for him the major is not by.

Wool (entering L. U. E.) Here I is, Mrs. Cardimens, — what you want?

Mrs. C. Where's the major, Wool?

Wool. Down at de stable, blowing Jim up like de debbil, kase he gib him a lame horse. He shied the curricomb at my head; but I tuk care to dodge, and make myself scarce, kase I knows de massa. Yes, I believe you.

Mrs. C. And where's Miss Black?

Wool. Oh, she's down dar, too; dar she stands, larfin at de major. I larf, too; dat's what brought de curricomb arter me.

Mrs. C. Well, Wool, see a good fire made in the trap chamber. Miss Black will occupy that for the future.

Wool. Say, missus, dar's a sailor chap out at de gate says he's got some magniferous goods he wants to show de ladies ob de house.

Mrs. C. A sailor? well, fetch him here, Wool.

Wool. Just so, missus.

[*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Mrs. C. A sailor, with foreign goods for sale. I'm afraid he's one of those smugglers I've heard tell of. However, there can be no harm in looking at his goods.

(*Re-enter WOOL, followed by BLACK DONALD, disguised as a sailor, with a large pack of silks, &c., on his back. He takes off hat and bows. Music, "Life on the Ocean Wave."*)

Don. (c.) Servant, madam. I've brought a few goods, con-

sisting of rich China silks, purchased in Shanghai, which I'll sell cheap.

Wool. (L. H.) Shanghai! dats de place war our ole rooster come from.

Don. Perhaps you've some young ladies in the fleet. I've goods as will rig 'em out as gay as a clipper.

Mrs. C. (R. H.) Wool, call the house servants; perhaps they would like to buy something.

Wool. (aside) Ole missus wants to get de pick. If he's got any cotton bandannas, I'll take one or two myself. Yah! yah! I believe you.

(Exit into the house, R. H. Donald opens the pack and displays silks, &c. Mrs. C. follows WOOL up, then advances L.)

Mrs. C. I didn't wish to inquire before the servants; but I'm afraid, my good man, you risk your liberty in an unlawful trade.

Don. On my soul, ma'am, these things are honestly come by, and you have no right to doubt me.

Mrs. C. I know I haven't; but did these goods pass through the custom house?

Don. That's not a fair question, ma'am.

Mrs. C. I do not know whether smuggling is right or wrong; but I do not feel at liberty to purchase goods of a man who risks his life in an unlawful traffic.

Don. (C.) Why, Lor bless you, ma'am, if we risks our lives it's our own business, and if you've no scruples on your account, you needn't have any on ours.

Re-enter WOOL, with all the servants, male and female.

Wool. Come along, boys and gals, dare's de smuggler dat hab de goods.

Mrs. C. (to them, L.) You may look at these things, but you must not purchase them.

Wool. (R.) Dar goes my bandannas.

Enter CAPITOLA, in riding-dress, hastily, L. U. E., and advances L.

Cap. Hollo! what queer fish have you picked up here?

Mrs. C. A sailor, my dear, with foreign goods for sale.

Cap. A sailor? Isn't he a smuggler?

Wool. I believe you.

Mrs. C. (L. C.) Indeed, my dear, I'm afraid he's not what he seems.

Cap. If he's a bold buccaneer, I want to talk to him. Say, you sir, show me your goods; I'm very fond of sailors. (*Crosses to C.*)

Don. (R. C.) Ay, you would give us poor fellows a chance to turn an honest penny. (*Shows silk.*) There's a genuine China silk. I bought it myself, on my last cruise, in the streets of Shanghai.

Wool. Yes, miss, Shanghai; dat's de place where de roosters come from.

Cap. Wool! (*Raises whip.*)

Wool. I's done.

Don. (*showing silk*). This is an article of great value. Look, now beautiful. And this (*shows white shawl*) cannot be purchased but in Cashmere, where the article is made.

Wool. You see dat arr Cashmeer shawl? It's made out of niggers' wool, dyed white.

Cap. Wool! Pomp, get the horsewhip. (*POMP is going L.*)

Wool. Stop, stop dare, Pomp; I's done.

Cap. Look here, my brave buccaneer, I've been the rounds. Mrs. Condiment, if you want to buy that *India* silk you are looking at so lovingly, you may do it with a safe conscience. I know all about these *foreign* goods; they are manufactured in the North, and sent through the country by agents, who dress and talk like sailors, because they know well enough fine ladies will buy quicker and pay more if they only fancy they are cheating Uncle Sam in buying from a smuggler at half price.

Mrs. C. So, then, you are not a smuggler, after all.

Don. You know, ma'am, I told you you were accusing me wrongfully.

Cap. There, what did I tell you?

Mrs. C. Well, he knows if he wanted to pass himself off for a smuggler, it didn't take here.

Wool. Dat's a fac; couldn't fool us. Yah! yah!

Cap. Wool! Well, my good fellow, as it is getting late in the morning we will make some purchases; and after breakfast you can pursue your journey.

Don. Thank you kindly, miss; but I must be far on my journey to-night.

Mrs. C. But, my good man, you do not know the danger you run by travelling at night with that valuable pack of goods. If you should encounter Black Donald —

Cap. Black Donald, who is he? and why is he called Black Donald?

Mrs. C. For his black deeds, black soul; his black hair and beard.

Wool. Yes, dat's so. His har is four yards long; he stands forty feet high, and eats two oxen and a little chicken, ebery day, for his fodder.

Cap. And I suppose drinks a barrel of whiskey at one gulp, to wash it down.

Wool. I believe you.

Don. (*to Mrs. C.*) Have you ever met the wretch, ma'am?

Mrs. C. Oh! I — I should drop down dead with terror!

Wool. I reckon dis nigger'd 'be 'mong de missin, 'bout dat time, too.

Don. (*to CAP.*) What think you of this outlaw, young lady?

Cap. I like him. I like men whose names strike terror into the hearts of the commonplace people.

Wool. Oh, de Lord!

Mrs. C. O Miss Black!

Cap. Yes I do, and if he were only as honest as he is brave, I would adore him. If there is one person in the world I wish to see, it is Black Donald.

Wool. Not now, Miss Catapiller. Oh, Lord a marcy!

Don. And do you know what happened to the rash girl that wished to see his satanic majesty?

Cap. No! What did?

Don. She saw him.

Wool. De devil she did!

Cap. Oh, if that's all, I say it, and if wishing will bring the sight of this notorious outlaw, I wish it. I wish to see Black Donald. (*A la Diable*).

Don. Behold him! (*Throws off cap, and handkerchief which has concealed his beard. — Hurried music. — Negroes scream, and rush off at different entrances. — MRS. CONDIMENT runs into house. — WOOL disappears in the meal-bin, R. — CAPITOLA suddenly springs upon his back, clinging to him. — He slips off jacket and cap, and runs to R. 1 E. — Is met by negro with gun, who shrinks from him. — Goes to L. 1 E. — Is met by another negro with gun. &c. — Goes to L. 2 E., and meets HURRICANE, whom he knocks into fountain. — Negroes all re-enter, R. and L., and rush about in confusion. — WOOL rises in meal-bin, covered with meal, and his mouth filled with it, which he scatters about. — CAPITOLA laughs, as the drop descends.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. — *The plantation, as in Act II., Scene 4. — Music, "A Little More Cider."*

Enter HURRICANE and HERBERT, from house, R.

Hur. And so, Herbert, the poor woman was delighted with the prospect of better times. And the boy, Herbert! the boy!

Her. Oh, sir, delighted for himself, but still more for his mother. Her joy was such as to astonish and alarm me. Before that I had thought Marah Rocke was a proud woman.

Hur. (*astounded*). Thought who was a proud woman?

Her. Marah Rocke.

Hur. (*in great rage*). Young man! did you know the shame you dashed in my face with the name of that woman?

Her. She is the best and dearest of her sex.

Hur. Best and dearest! idiot! This, then, is why you con-

cealed her name from me until you had won my promise to aid her; but see, sir, I break it thus (*snaps his cane in two*), and when you can unite those ends, and make them bear green leaves again, then you can reconcile Ira Warfield to Marah Rocke.

Her. What is the cause of this emotion, sir?

Hur. Emotion! Demme, sir, am I a man to give way to emotion? Mind what you say, sir. Go,—go back to that woman and tell her, as she values her life, never to utter or even think my name again.

Her. Sir, you cannot mean it. And as for Mrs. Rocke, as a good woman, I feel it my duty to uphold her name and reputation.

Hur. Good! Ugh! Ugh! But I'll command myself; I'll not give way again. Good! Ha! ha! I see now, boy, that you are a dupe. But tell me, sir, do you know anything of this woman's former life?

Her. Nothing, sir; but I would stake my salvation on her integrity.

Hur. Then you'd lose it, lad, that's all. But listen: at the ripe age of forty-five I succeeded in achieving the greatest folly in my life. I fell in love with and married a girl of sixteen,—married her secretly for fear of the ridicule of my brother officers,—put her in a snug cabin in the woods, and visited her by stealth; but I was watched, my hidden treasure was discovered, demme. I cannot tell this story in detail. One night I came home late and quite unexpectedly, and found a man in my wife's cabin. I broke the man's head, sir, tore the woman from my heart. That man was Gabriel Le Noir, and the woman was Marah Rocke. (*Crosses R.*)

Her. Surely, sir, there must have been some mistake.

Hur. Mistake! Demme, sir, do you think I couldn't believe my own eyes? But never let me see her; never let her hope for assistance from me; and, boy, if you value my friendship—Ugh! Tell her that Ira Warfield will carry these sentiments to his grave. (*Hurries off, R. 1 E.*)

Her. Strange, eventful history. Poor Marah! Oh, I will not believe this of her. There has been foul wrong done to her, and though I waste energy and life in the pursuit, I'll prove to this stubborn man that Marah Rocke is not the out-cast he would make her. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

Enter WOOL, PIT-A-PAT, and POMP, from house.

Wool. Come along, Pomp! mas'r gone off, and Miss Catapiller out riding. Oh de Lord, wont de major be mad when he knows it? I believe you.

Pomp. Why, Wool?

Wool. Case he forbid her going out alone, she's such a harum-scarum critter, and he's afraid she'll break her neck some of these days; so he tells all de boys not to saddle de pony for her.

Pomp. And what did she say to dat?

Wool. Golly! she didn't say nuffin, but just harnessed de pony herself; and mountin' him, told us to give her compliments to the governor, and say she'd be home when she got back. Yah! yah!

Pomp. And is you gwan to tell him, Wool?

Wool. I rader tink not, for ole massa swear dat he skin me alive if I let her go; and dis chile wouldn't look well with his hide off. But look here, Pomp, can't you bring out de ole banjo and gib us a tune, now?

Pomp. Yah! yah! Now you talks. Golly! dats my piana.

Wool. Fetch him, Pomp. (*Exit POMP, U. E. R.*) I lubs de banjo better dan anything on earth.

Pit. (*down close to him, R.*) 'Cept me, Wool.

Wool. Go way, gal, you knows I lub you, but den —

Pit. Den what, Wool?

Wool. I lubs de banjo better.

Pit. Ugh! You ugly nigger! (*Goes up.*)

Wool. I believe you. I know I'se ugly. Don't kotch me dar, gal. Yah! yah! yah!

Re-enter POMP, followed by male and female darkies, R. U. E.

Pomp. Here we is, Wool.

Wool. Dat's it. Now den, Pomp, squat and tune her up. (*Song and chorus.*)

Enter CAPITOLA, L. U. E.

Capitola. Now, then, what's going on here, eh? Wool, is the major in the house?

Wool. I rader tink not, Miss Catapiller. Massa went off, jest now, in a debil of a rage. Golly, you'd better not get in der way just now.

Cap. He's angry, is he? then I shall have a chance to astonish the old dragon. I like that old man; but he must be made to know his place.

Wool (aside). Won't der be an explosion when dem two meet? (*Aloud*) Miss Catapiller, won't you oblige de darkies, here, by singing dat ar pretty song I heard you warble toder day. You see, I's got an affection of de busum, and dat ar 'peals to my feelings so.

Cap. Sing it; to be sure I will, Wool; but you must all join in the chorus; and as music hath charms to sooth the savage breast, who knows but it may tame the major down. (*Song and chorus, — "Capitola." — Breakdown by darkies.*)

Hur. (without, R.) Wool, go and call Miss Black to me!

Wool. Oh, de Lord! scatter, boys and gals! (*Darkies run off, R. and L. U. E.*)

Cap. I'll be off, too, Wool; tell the major I am gone out to grass. Now I'll teach him a lesson he'll not readily forget.

[*Exit L. U. E.*

Wool. Here's a pretty fix dis nigger's in.

Enter HURRICANE, R. 1 E.

Hur. Send Miss Black to me! Rascal! do you hear me?

Wool (*hesitating*). Rader hard ob hearin', to-day, mas'r.

Hur. Demme, why don't you move, you villain!

Wool. De Lord help dis chile, now! Massa major, I's berry sorry to say, I couldn't do it.

Hur. What! mutiny in the camp! What do you mean, you devil's imp?

Wool. 'Kase Miss Catapiller's gone out on de pony.

Hur. (*amazed*). No!

Wool. Yes, I believe you.

Hur. And she has dared to disobey my orders. And you, you infernal rascal! did I not tell you not to let her have any horse from the stable?

Wool. I disremember dat, massa.

Hur. You do, eh? But I remember that I promised to skin you alive if you did so; and demme if I don't do it! (*Prepares.*)

Wool. O massa! I remember dat. (*Aside*) Only tink of dis nigger goin' widout his skin! Don't, massa major, don't!

Hur. Come here, you black vagabond! I'll teach you to disobey orders. (*Makes a dash at WOOL, who dodges, and crosses to R. — HURRICANE chases him round to L.*)

Enter CAPITOLA, L. U. E., who comes between them.

Cap. Hollo! governor; what's the matter?

Wool. Tank de Lord!

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

Cap. Oh! my, what a look! Now I've no doubt you think to frighten somebody. You're mistaken, governor.

Hur. Miss, how dare you have the impudence, the assurance, the brass, the effrontery to speak to me!

Cap. Well, I declare!

Hur. Young woman! tell me instantly, and without prevarication — demme, where have you been?

Cap. Going to and fro upon the earth, with the pony under me.

Hur. Flames and fires! this is no answer! (*Walks, in rage.*)

Cap. Look here, uncle, if you go on in that way you'll have a fit presently.

Hur. Where the devil have you been?

Cap. Across the river, through the woods, and back again.

Hur. And didn't I forbid you to do that, minion? How dare you disobey my orders! Do you know the jeopardy you placed yourself in? — you, the creature of my bounty! — the miserable little vagrant, that I picked out of the streets, and tried to make a lady of! You should have locked yourself in your room, you beggar! — you street boot-black! ere you disobeyed your benefactor! — a man of my age, character, and position, and the master of this house!

Cap. Uncle, you rescued me from misery, perhaps from death; you have placed me in a home of abundance, honor, and security. For all this, if I were not grateful, I should deserve no less than death. But, uncle, there is a sin worse than this. It is to put a helpless fellow-creature under heavy obligations, and then treat them with undeserved contempt and cruel unkindness. Farewell! (*Going L. H.*)

Hur. Stop, miss! Where are you going?

Cap. Back to the home you rescued me from. Freedom and peace is sweeter than wealth with misery.

Hur. But, Capitola — I didn't mean — it was all for your own good. I — I —

Cap. I won't be treated with kicks and promises at the same time. I'm not a cur pup, to be fed on roast beef and beaten with the bones. Such abuse as you have heaped upon me I never heard before, not even in Rag Alley.

Hur. Zounds! will you never forget Rag Alley?

Cap. I won't; I'll go back there.

Hur. Demme, I won't let you!

Cap. Then I'll have you up before the nearest magistrate, and make you show by what right you detain me here.

Hur. Whew! Now, my dear niece; I only meant to speak for your good.

Cap. (*imitating his previous manner*). Then how dare you have the brass, the impudence, the assurance, the copper, to talk to me in the manner you did?

Hur. What!

Cap. Old gentleman, answer me!

Hur. Demme, is the girl crazy?

Cap. Didn't you know, you frantic old veteran, the jeopardy you placed yourself in, by getting up steam in that manner. You dishonored old man, you should have put your head in a basket, you headstrong, desperate, reckless old invalid, ere you allowed yourself to vilify me, a young lady of character, position, and the mistress of this house. Hem! demme!

[*Exit, strutting, R. 1 E.*]

Hur. Oh, oh! Ah! Ha, ha! I like this. She's showing me off. Thank you, miss; I owe you one. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit into house, R. H.*]

SCENE 2. — *The apartment of Marah Roche, as before. — Music, "The heart bowed down."*

Enter MARAH, R. 1 E., reading a letter.

Mar. (*reads.*) "*My dearest and best Mrs. Roche,— May Heaven strengthen you to read the few bitter lines I have to write. Major Warfield, upon hearing your name, withdrew all his promises. He told me your early history; yet I believe you as pure as an angel. Trust in Heaven and believe in the earnest respect and affection of your grateful and attached son. — Herbert Grayson.*"

"Trust in Heaven!" Aye! It has given me strength to bear with resignation greater trials than this, and shall I now repine? No! Courage, poor heart! Disappointment may do much; but, for the sake of my dear son, I will strive to bear with it.

Enter TRAVERSE, L. 1 E.

Tra. Dear mother, in tears! What is the meaning of this?

Mar. Traverse, misfortunes never come singly. Major Warfield has regretted his promise to aid us.

Tra. Then let it go, dear mother. If we are poor, we can still hold up our heads in honor. But, mother, tell me of my father.

Mar. Not now, Traverse. In time you will know all. But see! I will read the doctor's letter. (*Reads*) "*Dear Madam,—My daughter Clara, having just returned from school, to pursue her studies at home, needs a companion. If you will accept the position, I will make the terms such as shall reconcile you to your change. Yours truly, W. Day.*"

Tra. O mother, of course you'll go?

Mar. I do not know, Traverse dear. I shall weigh over this matter to-night, and sleep on it; and He to whom even the fall of a sparrow is not indifferent, will in his supreme wisdom guide me. (*She embraces Traverse, and exits R. 1 E.*) *Music* "*You'll Remember Me.*" *PP.*

Tra. Wise, dear, little mother! How my heart bleeds to see her grief. I trust she will accept this offer; 'tis for her good I am certain. And for myself, soon, with perseverance and industry, shall I be in a position to place her above the reach of want. Sweet be your dreams, good mother. Good night! good night! (*Exits, L. 1 E. — Music till change. — Lights down.*)

SCENE 3. — *An old oaken chamber. — Latticed windows, R. and L. F., with heavy curtains to each. — Old-fashioned fireplace and mantel-shelf, with clock, C. — Hearth-rug, with trap under it, in front of the fire. — Bed, L. H., with curtains. — Bureau, L. 2 E., with toilet glass, table, C., with supper on tray. — Bottle of brandy and glass. — Tormentors on R. and L. — Stage dark. —*

Enter MRS. CONDIMENT, with two lighted candles, R. H. D. 1 E. — She places them on table. — CAPITOLA follows on and crosses to L. — WOOL runs on as if frightened. — He carries a basket of wood to kindle fire, C.

Mrs. C. Now, Wool, build a fire on the hearth. It will make the old room more cheerful.

Wool. Dar' say it will, missus; but you couldn't kotch dis chile sleepin' in it. (*Goes up and lights fire.*)

Mrs. C. Don't be a fool, Wool.

Cap. Why, what can there be to fear?

Wool. Ghosts and spirits!

Cap. Oh, if that's all! I've had too much to do with evil spirits already to fear them now.

Wool. De Lord a marcy!

Mrs. C. Tut, tut, you blockhead! You'll be spoiling the rest of Miss Black, and, like the Hidden House, she'll begin to think this is haunted.

Cap. Hidden House!—haunted! And have you indeed a haunted house in this country? Oh, that's jolly.

Mrs. C. Yes, miss, there is an old-fashioned house, built, I don't know how long ago,—the property of the Le Noirs, one of whom was murdered in it; and ever since it has been said to be haunted.

Wool. Dat's so; I can swar to dat.

Cap. Have you ever seen anything to warrant these suspicions?

Wool. I believe you. Ole mas'r was out near dar, hunting, one day, and he say he saw a beautiful female ghost, and dat she wanished in a blue flame. And den, one time when I was coming by dar, I looked up, and golly, dar I saw de debbil grinnin' at me through the window.

Cap. And did you see nothing else?

Wool. Golly! Dat was enough for dis chile. Don't coteh him dar no more, I can tell you.

Mrs. C. They do say there's a beautiful young lady come to live there lately.

Cap. A young lady! Then I shall have a neighbor, that's some comfort.

Mrs. C. Yes! A poor young creature who has lost both father and mother. 'Tis a terrible dismal place though. I wouldn't live there for all the world.

Cap. To-morrow I will ride over to this mysterious house, and pay my devoirs to its new resident.

Wool. Don't do dat, Miss Catapiller. I's a gone nigger if you do; for ole mas'r say I must never lose sight of you when you are out again.

Cap. I suppose he doesn't want me to know there is such a place as the Hidden House.

Mrs. C. I don't know, Miss Black; but the wild stories told of it ought to be sufficient to keep you away from it.

Cap. That's the very reason I desire to go. Pshaw! do you think I believe the ridiculous stories about this house being haunted? No, no; and to-morrow I'll prove the fallacy of your fears. There; leave now. I'm getting sleepy, and I've got a terrible headache.

Mrs. C. Then a good night's rest will refresh you. Come along, Wool. Good-night, Miss Black, and pleasant dreams to you.

[Exit, R. H. D. 1 E.]

Wool. Good-night, Miss Catapiller. Mind you don't slip de bolt of dat ar old trap, and tumble into de hole under de rug dar. Yah! yah! I rader tink when I get into bed, I shall smudder my-

self in de clothes; den if any of de ghosts comes to my bedside dey'll hab some trouble to get a hold ob dis nigger's wool. Good-night, Miss Catapiller; good-night. I's gone. Good night. (*After plucking up courage, exits, R. D. 1 E.*)

Cap. Strange! I can't get this story of the Hidden House out of my thoughts. There has been some great wrong done to some one, I'll be sworn. Well, well, to-morrow I'll ferret it out, or my name's not Capitola. (*Sees supper set.*) Ah, my little maid Pit-a-pat has not forgotten my supper to-night; but I'm not hungry; but, oh dear, how sleepy I am. I'll go to bed; but first let me lock the door.

(*During this, she has taken off jewelry, and placed it on bureau. — DONALD comes from behind curtain of window, R. II. F., down to R. II. door, 1 E., locks it, takes out key, and stands with back to it, so that as she comes towards it she encounters him. — Music. — TABLEAU. — She starts back in terror.*)

Don. You didn't expect me to-night, did you?

Cap. (*Has been almost paralyzed; but after a slight pause recovers, and seems to have made up her mind what course to pursue. With forced calmness.*) Well, upon my word, I think a gentleman might let a lady know when he intends to pay her a visit at midnight.

Don. Well, upon my word, you are cool, hang it! I admire you. (*Goes up R.*) You seem to have made preparation for a supper. I've a capital appetite.

Cap. Then sit down and eat. Heaven forbid that I should fail in hospitality.

Don. (*sits and eats R. of table*). And are you really not afraid of me? I might do you some harm.

Cap. But you won't.

Don. Why won't I?

Cap. Because it won't pay. Afraid of you? not a bit of it,—I rather like you.

Don. (*eating*). Come, now, you're running a rig upon a fellow.

Cap. No, indeed; don't you remember the day you were here as the pedlar, that I said I liked Black Donald, and I wished to see him?

Don. So you did; but I also remember that when you thought you had me in your power, you leapt upon my shoulders like a catamount and called for help to secure me. You thirst for my blood, and yet you pretend you like me.

Cap. Lor, don't you know why I did that?

Don. No. Why?

Cap. Because I wanted you to carry me off.

Don. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I declare, I never thought of that. Well then, since you like me so well, come and give me a kiss.

Cap. (*shuddering*). No, no; I won't; not till you've done your supper, and washed your beard.

Don. I say, isn't it almost your hour for going to bed?

Cap. Of course it is.

Don. Well, what are you waiting for?

Cap. For my company to go home, to be sure.

Don. Meaning me?

Cap. Meaning you

Don. Oh, don't mind me.

Cap. I don't. (*Aside*) My blood is freezing in my veins. Heaven aid me, or I am lost indeed.

Don. Some brandy, if you please. (*Has been watching her, and holding up his glass makes this excuse to get her near him. — She comes up to L. of table and fills his glass.*) I say, I've been watching you, my darling. You'd like to get out of this room, wouldn't you? You'd like to hand me over to the Philistines. I know your tricks; so just stop puzzling your head to baffle me. You are like the caged bird (*rises and shows key*), you can't get out. (*Crosses to L.*)

Cap. (*trembling*). Have you done your supper?

Don. Yes, duck. (*She moves table towards R. H. D.*) What are you going to do?

Cap. Clear away the things, and set the room in order. (*Places table R. 3 E. — Takes chairs, and goes towards fireplace. — Aside*) The trap! the trap!

Don. Come, come, haven't you got through yet?

Cap. (*placing chair on trap*). In a moment. Come, come and sit down, Donald. (*She takes the other chair, to sit L. of fireplace, with face to audience. Donald sits with back to D. and feet on fender*). Listen to me, Donald: men call you a man of blood; they say your hands are red and your soul black with crime. Black Donald, they call you; but you have never yet stained your soul with a crime as black as that which you think of perpetrating this night.

Don. Yaw-aw! It must be near one o'clock, and I am getting sleepy.

Cap. All your former acts have been those of a bold man, this act would be that of a base one.

Don. Take care; no bad names. You are in my power, and at my mercy.

Cap. Donald, in all your former acts your antagonists were strong men; but now it is a feeble girl who is opposed to you; to destroy her would be an act of baseness to which you never yet descended.

Don. Who talks of destruction? I am tired of all this nonsense. I mean to carry you off, and there's an end of it. (*Rises.*)

Cap. Stop! Sit down and hear me for just five minutes longer.

Don. Very well. (*Turns chair round, and sits facing audience.*) Talk on for a few minutes; but if you think to persuade me to leave this room without you, this night, you are widely out of your reckoning. that's all.

Cap. Donald, I have jewels here worth several thousand dollars; if you will consent to go I will give them to you, and

never say one word to-morrow of what has passed here to-night.

Don. Why, how green you must think me! What's to prevent me from possessing myself of your jewels as well as yourself? (*About to rise.*)

Cap. Sit still, the five minutes' grace are not gone yet.

Don. (*looks at clock*). So they are not. Well, I will keep my promise.

Cap. Donald, give up this heinous purpose. Man, for your own sake, give it up.

Don. For my sake! Ha! ha! ha! It's for my sake I'm going to carry you off, and make an honest wife of you.

Cap. Man, have you ever reflected on death! It might come with sudden and overwhelming power, and *hurl* you to destruction; yes, this frame of yours, this glorious handiwork of the Creator, might be hurled to swift destruction, and the soul that animates it *destroyed* without a moment's warning!

Don. Bosh! If you really think me such a handsome man, why don't you go at once and say no more about it?

Cap. Black Donald, will you leave my room?

Don. No!

Cap. Man, I will give you one more chance; pity yourself as I pity you, and leave me.

Don. Now it's quite likely that I will, isn't it? I haven't watched and planned for this chance to give it up now that you are in my power; and now, as the five minutes' grace are quite up — (*About to rise*).

Cap. Stop! don't move yet; before you stir, say "Lord, have mercy on me!"

Don. Why should I say that?

Cap. Because I do not wish to kill body and soul together; because I would not send you prayerless into the presence of your Creator.

Don. (*starts up*). You have a revolver, then. Move but a step, and I throw myself on you like an avalanche.

Cap. I have no weapon, — see! (*Holds up both hands*).

Don. What did you mean, then?

Cap. I mean that your peril is not to be escaped. Black Donald, you have not a minute to live! (*Music PP tremolo.*)

Don. Well this, I suppose, is what people call fine acting; but you mustn't think to frighten me. So come, the grace has expired and now give me a kiss.

Cap. Then let it be the kiss of death; and heaven have mercy on your soul! (*Music, forte. — DONALD makes a step towards her. — She places her foot on spring of trap, which falls, and he disappears with a groan.*)

Cap. O God! he is dashed to pieces! (*Falls. — QUICK CURTAIN.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. — *Exterior of the Hidden House, 2 G, and old-fashioned mansion almost buried among the trees. — Door, L. H. F. — Window above, C., to become transparent. — Lights 1-4 down. — Storm — thunder, rain, and lightning. — Music.*

Capitola (without). Whoa, Gyp, my boy! (*Storm continues.*)

Enter CAPITOLA, L. 2 E., in riding-habit, and with whip.

Whew! there's a flash! Good gracious! there's the house! One would think that this was an enchanted forest, containing the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, and I was the knight destined to deliver her. (*Storm continues. — Vivid lightning.*) Confound it! I shall be drenched to the skin. Here goes for the inside. (*Knocks.*) No response! All is silent as the grave! Lord! suppose it should be haunted? Pshaw! ghosts or no ghosts, I'm bound to see the inside. (*Knocks. — Chains are heard to fall inside. — The door opens, and DORCAS KNIGHT appears at it with lighted lamp.*)

Dorcas. Who are you? What do you want here?

Cap. Can't you see? I'm a young woman, and want shelter from the storm.

Dor. When people ask favors, they should do it with a civil tongue in their heads.

Cap. Favors! Plague on you, I asked no favors. Every storm-beaten traveller has a right to shelter under the first roof that offers.

Dor. Who are you?

Cap. Capitola Black, of Hurricane Hall.

Dor. (hastily). Capitola, did you say? Capitola?

Cap. Yes, Capitola, — you never heard anything against it, did you?

Dor. What brought you here? Away! Mount your horse and fly while there is yet time.

Cap. Not if I know it. Expose myself again to the storm!

Dor. Girl! there are worse dangers in the world than any to be feared from thunder, lightning, rain, or wind.

Cap. Well, when I meet them it will be time enough to deal with them. Come, come, let me in; don't you see I'm nearly drenched to the skin?

Dor. It is madness. You shall not stay here

Cap. But I tell you I will! You are not the head of the family.

Dor. Capitola, how long have you lived at Hurricane Hall?

Cap. Long enough for everybody to hear of me.

Dor. Where did you live before you came there?

Cap. Where I learned to speak the truth and shame the devil.

Dor. And to force yourself into people's houses against their will.

Cap. When I learn from the head of the house that I'm unwelcome, then I will retreat. Where is your master?

Dor. I cannot curse you with the curse of granted prayer.

Col. Le Noir is away.

Cap. Why do you talk so strangely?

Dor. It is my whim. Perhaps my head is light.

Cap. I should think it was. Well, as the master is away, present me to the mistress.

Dor. There is no mistress here.

Cap. Well, then, the young lady, — I mean the ward of *Col. Le Noir*.

Dor. Well, as you seem resolved to stand your ground, I suppose we must put up with you.

Cap. And my horse.

Dor. He shall be taken care of. Come in. But mind, you must depart early in the morning.

Cap. That's as I please.

Dor. Perverse to the last. Come in. [Exit, D. in F.]

Cap. Hooray! I've stormed the breach. (*Storm*). There comes the storm again. Now Gyp, stand you there, there (*goes off* L. 2 E.) under the shelter of this tree, until some one comes to care for you. (*Storm*.) Aint this a ripper! (*Music*. — *As she turns to go into the house, the upper window becomes illuminated with white fire, and the figure of the Unknown appears at it. In her right hand she carries a lamp, and her left hand is enveloped in black, which she holds up in warning to CAPITOLA, who starts back alarmed.*) Merciful powers! What is that? (*Figure disappears.*) That spectral figure, with its *Hidden Hand*, seems to warn me against entering the house. Have, then, the ghostly traditions of this world truth in them at last? I-shaw! am I to be frightened by this? — never! That poor lady looked more in sorrow than in anger, and who knows but ghosts may be hospitable? So in I go. Neck or nothing! [Exit D. F.]

SCENE 2. — *An apartment in the Hidden House, 3 G. — An old-fashioned bed, with tapestry curtains at back, C. — Toilet-table and glass, L. 3 E. — Easy-chair, R. C. — LE NOIR is discovered seated.*

Enter CLARA DAY, L. 1 E.

Clara. *Col. Le Noir*, you wished to see me. I am here.

Le Noir. Miss Day, the responsibility of a guardian is always onerous, and his duties not always agreeable, especially when his ward is the sole heiress to a large property, and the object of pursuit of fortune-hunters and schemers. When such is the case, the responsibilities of the guardian are augmented a hundred-fold.

Cla. Sir, this cannot be so in my case. You have already been advised that I am betrothed to Dr. Rocke, who will claim me as his wife upon the day I shall complete my twenty-first year.

Le N. No more of that! It is my duty to prevent you from throwing yourself away upon a mere adventurer. To do this I must provide you with a suitable husband. My son, Craven Le Noir, has long loved and wooed you. I approve of his suit, and, as your guardian, command you to receive him as your destined husband.

Cla. Col. Le Noir, I am but a simple girl; but I understand your purpose. You are the fortune-hunters, — the schemers; but I will die ere I will wed with Craven Le Noir. (*Crosses to C.*)

Le N. Die! Girl, there are worse things than death in this world.

Cla. I know it! But few things can be worse than a union with a man I can neither esteem nor endure.

Le N. But there are evils, to escape which, a woman would go down on her bended knees to be made the wife of such a man.

Cla. Infamous! You slander all womanhood in my person

Le N. The evils to which I allude are a life of dishonor.

Cla. This to me, sir?

Le N. Ay! Girl, it is time we understand each other. You are in my power, and I intend to coerce you to my will. I am going now to prepare the marriage license. I shall return by ten to-morrow. I desire that you be ready to accompany us. If you would save your honor, look to it. Let no hope of escape delude you. The servants are in my pay. Look to it, Clara; for the setting of another sun shall see my purpose accomplished. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

Cla. Heaven help me! What fate is in store for me? Was it for this, then, that they forced me to leave my quiet home? It was for this, then, he insisted on his legal rights as my guardian. O my poor father, little didst thou know the villain thou hadst to deal with!

Enter DORCAS KNIGHT, L. 1 E.

Dorcas. Here is a young lady from Hurricane Hall come to see you, Miss Day.

Cla. Heaven has heard my prayer! Let her come in.

Enter CAPITOLA, L. 1 E.

Cap. Just what I intended; (*crosses C.*) though I must say you have the most disagreeable servants I ever met with. (*To CLA.*)

Dor. Foolish girl! I warned you for the best. Have you no fear?

Cap. Never learned the meaning of the word. There, now, make yourself scarce; I want to talk to the young lady.

Dor. Well, well! You'll live long enough to repent this.

Cap. I shall live till my time comes, old woman. (*To CLARA*) But really I fear this is an intrusion on my part. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

Clara. You are welcome. You've been exposed to the storm?

Capitola. Rather. I am Capitola Black. I live with my uncle, at Hurricane Hall, a fiery old chap, who, I dare say, about this time is raving about his house, simply because, — having heard a beautiful young lady had become a resident of this house, — contrary to his wishes, I have ridden over to see her. But I don't care a fig for him. If he's master, I'm mistress.

Clara. Ah! You must be very happy.

Capitola. Lord bless you, why shouldn't I be? I do what I please. It's true my old governor and I have a sharp fight now and then; but I always get the best of it. But, bless my heart, what's the matter, — you are ill! Can I be of any service to you?

Clara. Oh, indeed you can aid me. Heaven has surely sent you in this, my hour of need.

Capitola. Tell me how and what I can do for you.

Clara. Listen, then. My name is Clara Day. My father died within the past month, and unfortunately appointed Col. Le Noir his executor and my guardian, — a bold, bad man, who, in order to possess himself of my property, wishes to force me into a marriage with his son, Craven Le Noir. For this purpose, he compelled me to remove to this Hidden House, — has deprived me of my friends in order the better to carry out his foul designs.

Capitola. Well, don't you love the fellow?

Clara. Love him? Oh, no! My heart and hand was long since given to another.

Capitola. And that other is —

Clara. One Dr. Traverse Rocke, a man who is the soul of honor. And now, by threatening me with a fate worse than death, Col. Le Noir would force me to marry this Craven Le Noir.

Capitola. They would, eh? Then, my dear, I only wish I was in your place. I'd marry Mr. Craven Le Noir, just on purpose to make him know the difference between their sovereign lady and Sam the lackey. But as it isn't me, the first thing that suggests itself for you to do is to run away.

Clara. That is impossible. The servants are warned, the doors kept fast locked, and I am closely watched.

Capitola. There is only one plan of escape left then, and that is full of danger.

Clara. Why should I fear danger? What evil can befall me so great as that which now threatens me? Teach me, dear Capitola; I will be an apt pupil.

Capitola. First, you must change clothes with me, pull my veil down closely, and walk boldly out of the house. My servant, Wool, is waiting for me, no doubt, at a respectful distance. You can mount my horse, ride to your friends, and get them to prosecute your guardian for cruelty and abuse of authority.

Clara. But you! You will remain in the power of those who know neither justice nor mercy.

Cap. Oh, never mind me. Bless their wigs, I should like to see 'em make me blanch! How I shall enjoy their disappointment! Oh, won't it be fun!

Clara. Heaven bless you, dear Capitola.

Cap. Don't thank me. It's I that should thank you, for affording me such a fine opportunity for a frolic. But come; you'll excuse me, for I'm fagged out, and these clothes are none of the dryest; the sooner I change them the better for my constitution.

Clara. Oh, pardon me! In the contemplation of my own sorrows, I forgot you had been exposed to the storm so long. In yonder closet you will find clothes of mine. They are sure to fit you.

Cap. Oh, never fear me. I can accommodate my figure to anything. It won't be the first time that I've worn clothes that didn't belong to me.

Clara. I will leave you now. (*Crosses to L.*) You must want rest, also. I shall sleep in the room below this. Should you need anything, rap on the floor: I shall hear you.

Cap. Little fear of my disturbing you. I sleep like a top, I can tell you. I'll just take a snooze for a couple of hours or so, then come to your room, get you outside of the house, then return, to finish my nap before breakfast.

Clara. Heaven bless you, Capitola! An orphan's prayers be with you ever. (*They embrace. — Music.*) [*Exit CLARA, L. 1 E.*]

Cap. Now, I wonder what my old governor is about now. I'll wager a sixpence there won't be much peace at the Hall tonight. Well, it can't be helped. I forgot to say a word to Clara about the poor creature I saw at the window. (*Yawns.*) Now, if this house should be haunted, and that should be one of the citizens of the other world. (*Yawns.*) Well, I'm not going to be frightened out of my sleep, ghost or no ghost; and as that old bed looks very inviting, here goes. (*Sits on bed, — yawns.*) Clara's off! What'll they (*yawns*) do to me? Ha! ha! ha! Won't there be fun! I'll show 'em — (*yawns*) tricks! — (*yawns*) learnt in Rag Alley. (*Yawns, lies down, and sleeps.* — *Music.* — *Curtain at back becomes transparent. — The Unknown, clad in white, with lamp in her hand is seen through. — She advances close to bed, raises her hand over CAPITOLA; then disappears and returns on stage, through L. D. F. — She advances slowly to toilet-table; places lamp upon it; sees ring; takes it up, kisses it affectionately, and places it in her bosom; then goes slowly to the bed, and bends over CAPITOLA.*)

Enter LE NOIR, L. 1 E., followed by DORCAS. — He starts on seeing the UNKNOWN.

Le N. (aside to DORCAS). Curses on it, she will discover all. (*Music. — Takes off his cloak, and with DORCAS advances cautiously to the bed. — Throws his cloak over the Unknown, to drown her screams, and bears her off, struggling and screaming, L. 1 E.*)

Cap. (after they are off with UNKNOWN, L. 1 E., wakes, starts up). Eh, whar, — save her! — save her! — ha! ha! ha! Lord, 'twas only a dream; but, oh, real it seemed to me! (Scream L. II.) What was that? — reality, — then it was no dream. (Scream heard.) There, again! Some deviltry is afoot; let me at once to Clara and learn the truth. [Exit, hurriedly, L. 1 E.]

SCENE 3. — *Exterior of the Hidden House 2 G., as before. Stage dark. — Door is opened cautiously, and CLARA, dressed in CAPITOLA'S habit, and carrying a riding-whip, enters from house. Music, pp.*

Cl. Thank Heaven I am without the walls of this hated mansion! Oh, may Heaven bless and reward my heroic Capitola! Now for the servant Wool. Should he have quitted his post, — but, no, he dare not lose sight of her. Hist! hist! hist!

Enter WOOL, quickly, L. 2 E.

Wool. I'se on hand, Miss Catapiller; you needn't tink dis chile's goin to get his eyelids skinned by losing sight of you.

Cl. (in a subdued voice). Where's the pony, Wool?

Wool. Down behind de trees, dar. Oh, you does right to keep your face kivered; it's awful windy; I can scarcely keep de hair on my head. (CLARA crosses to L.) Which way is you going now, Miss Catapiller?

Cl. Towards Tip-Top.

Wool. What de mischief is you gwan dar for? (CLARA raises whip to him.) Dar, dar, I'se done; I won't ax you any more questions, not if you ride to old Nick, or Black Donald, either.

Cl. Now, Wool, remain you here on the watch. Do not follow me.

Wool. What, and get my eyelids skinned? Oh, de Lord, dis gal's determined to be the death ob me! I know it just as well as nuffin at all. I 'clar to man if it aint nuff to make a nigger go heave himself into a grist-mill, and be ground up at once.

Cl. (assuming her own voice). Wool, Wool, ride back to Hurricane Hall and tell Major Warfield that Miss Black remains at the Hidden House, in great danger. Haste! haste! Good-by, and God speed you! (Hurries out, L. 2 E. WOOL stands horrified till she's off, then hurries out).

Wool. Dis nigger's dead and buried. Young missus changed from a catapiller to a butterfly. Hallo! — murder! — help! — stop de coach! — stop de hosses! — ole massa'll kill me if I lose sight of her! Stop her! — stop de debil dat's transmogrified her. [Exit after her, crying murder, &c.]

SCENE 4. — *Interior of Rural Chapel. — Small altar, c. — Organ music. — A minister discovered, c. — COL. LE NOIR on L. — A small number of spectators, R. and L.*

Le Noir I told you, sir, as our bride was an orphan, recently

bereaved, and still in deep mourning, we wished the marriage ceremony to be strictly private; yet here I find a score of people. How is this?

Priest. Sir, these people are farm-laborers. They can certainly be no interruption to the ceremony.

Enter CRAVEN LE NOIR, R. 1 E., conducting CAPITOLA, who is dressed in CLARA'S dress of Scene 2. — She is veiled. — CRAVEN crosses to L. C.

Speak, Craven Le Noir! Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife as long as thou both shalt live?

Craven. I will!

Priest. And thou, Clara Day, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?

Cap. Not if I know it.

Le N. What does this mean? Who are you, girl?

Cap. (throws off veil). Capitola Black, your honor's glory! (Courtesies).

Crav. What the foul fiend is the meaning of all this?

Cap. (putting thumb to nose). It means that you can't come it; it's no go; this chicken won't fight; (puts both hands to nose) the fat's in the fire; the cat's out of the bag; the play's over; the curtain's going to drop; and the principal performer, that's me, is about to be called out, amid the applause of the audience.

Crav. S'ddeath! We are foiled!

Cap. A precious pair of knaves you'd be, if you had sense enough; but, failing in that, you're only a pair of fools. Good people, (to spectators) I claim your protection, while I tell you the cause of my presence here.

Le N. Don't listen to her. She's a maniac.

Crav. Stop her mouth at once. (They both seize her. — She screams for help. — They endeavor to drown her voice by holding her mouth. — At this moment HERBERT, followed by WOOL, enters rapidly, L. U. E. — Throws COL. LE NOIR to L., and WOOL throws CRAVEN to R., who starts back to hit WOOL, who butts him till curtain down. CAPITOLA throws her arms around HERBERT. Picture. — QUICK CURTAIN).

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE 1. — Music, "Little More Cider." — Plantation at Hurricane Hall, as before, except that the fountain is moved up to third E., and trough from R. 2 E. removed.

Enter HURRICANE and MRS. CONDIMENT from house, R.

Hurricane. I tell you, Mrs. Condiment, something must be done, or this girl will be the death of me. If she were a boy, I'd thrash her; but what can I do with a girl?

Mrs. Condiment. Lock her up in her chamber till she's brought to reason.

Hur. Demme, she'd jump out of the window and break her neck. Besides, she's such a way, and disobeys me in such a cajoling way, that I couldn't give her pain if her soul depended upon it.

Mrs. C. You should try moral suasion.

Hur. When I do she laughs in my face. I wish to keep her until she is of legal age, and I don't want her to fall into the hands of a perfidious guardian until I can bring proof of his rascality.

Mrs. C. Then this girl has received foul play from her friends.

Hur. I should think so. Gabriel Le Noir has very nearly put his neck into a halter. Listen, Mrs. Condiment. Sixteen years ago the Hidden House was occupied by old Victor Le Noir, who, dying, bequeathed to his eldest son, Eugene, the whole of his property, with this proviso: that should Eugene die without issue, the property should descend to his younger son, Gabriel Le Noir.

Mrs. C. An equitable will.

Hur. Eugene shortly afterwards presented to his neighbors a young and lovely creature as Madame Eugene Le Noir. Poor Eugene! He did not long enjoy her, for one morning he was found murdered in the woods near his own house.

Mrs. C. And the murderer?

Hur. Was never discovered. Madam was never seen abroad after her husband's death. It was reported she had lost her reason. However, Eugene having died without issue, Gabriel stepped at once into possession of the whole estate.

Mrs. C. Yes, something of this I have heard.

Hur. Very likely; but what you have not heard is that three months after the death of her husband Madame Eugene gave birth to twins, one living, the other dead. The dead child was privately buried; the living one, together with the nurse, the sole witness of its birth, was abducted.

Mrs. C. Great heavens! Can this be true?

Hur. True as gospel. You remember the night I was dragged out of my bed to see old Nancy Grewell?

Mrs. C. I do, indeed.

Hur. From her I received the information which induced me to visit New York. She was the nurse; and the child, the heiress to this great estate, is none other than Capitola.

Mrs. C. Capitola! Good gracious!

Hur. Now, you see my object in endeavoring to keep her within bounds, or this atrocious scoundrel will contrive some plan to make away with her, in order that he may retain the estate.

Mrs. C. This accounts, then, for Black Donald's visit here.

Hur. It does. But there is some satisfaction in knowing that the rascal didn't break his neck in falling through the trap, reserving it for the hangman. His execution is to take place to-morrow

Enter CAPITOLA, L. U. E.

You -- you -- you New York boy! -- you foundling! -- you vagabond! -- you brat! -- you beggar! -- will you never have sense, or will you keep continually running your head into danger?

Cap. Why, nunkey, that's nothing new. I'm only doing what you've done a hundred times; but come, now, I've got something to propose to you. I can't bear the thought of being the cause of that poor fellow, Black Donald's, death; that I was the means of hurrying him to such a fate.

Hur. Ah! that reminds me that the reward offered for his apprehension was paid over to me. I have placed it to your account in bank.

Cap. I don't want it! I won't touch it! -- the price of blood! -- it would burn my fingers! Uncle, it must be dreadful, this hanging, and I declare I won't have it. I'll write a petition to the governor, and go round to get the signatures myself.

Hur. You won't get a soul to sign it.

Cap. Well, then, I'll go to the governor, and ask him to pardon Black Donald.

Hur. The Governor won't do it to save all our lives; and if he did, he might whistle for his re-election.

Cap. And yet, I declare this man shall not die.

Hur. Phew! there is a Don Quixote, ha! ha! ha! She'll deliver him by the strength of her own arm. Come along, Mrs. Condiment, and harkee, you baggage you. If you go on in this manner you'll break your old uncle's heart. If you were a boy I'd thrash you within an inch of your life; but as you are a girl, I love you so well that if harm should come to you the old man would sink into his grave with a broken heart. So think of that, you outlaw! -- you imp of mischief! -- you -- you -- Demme, I don't know what to call you!

[Exit into house, R. H., with Mrs. CONDIMENT.]

Cap. But still he said Black Donald should be hung. I was the cause of his being arrested, and I've the best right to save him if I can.

Enter WOOL, L. H. E.

Wool. Miss Catapiller, here's a letter for you.

Cap. A letter for me? (*Takes and opens it.*) Why, I declare, it's from Cousin Stone. (*Reads*) "*My dear cousin, -- I must warn you of a man calling himself Craven Le Noir. At a party, the other night, he mentioned your name di-paragingly. Knowing you*

to be as innocent as a lamb of the charges he made against you, I took the liberty of giving him a sound thrashing; for which he has politely challenged me to meet him, in order that he may have a shot at me. Now, as I am not a duelling man, I shall decline the invitation, but shall take advantage of the next time I meet him to repeat the chastisement I have already given him. Yours, in haste, C. Stone. So, so, — Craven by name, Craven by nature. He shall bite the dust for this. Wool, can you shoot?

Wool. I rader tink not, Miss Catapiller. I tried it once. Shot at a crow and killed a hoss.

Cap. Where are my uncle's pistols?

Wool. Golly! what you gwan to do wid 'em? You aint gwan to shoot ole massa, is you?

Cap. I'll teach this wretch, that, girl though I am, he has woke up the wrong passenger; but first I'll see poor Donald Wool, saddle my pony, Gyp, at once, and hark ye, if you dare to say one word to any person about it, I'll have your skin taken off and made into cowhides to lash you through the world for the rest of your days.

[Exit, L.]

Wool. Golly! I'se sartin dey'll be de death of me. How dis nigger would look wid a cowhide made out ob his own skin running arter him through the world. Wool! Wool! you is in for it. Golly! how savage she look! Yah! yah! 'minds me of ole mas'r when he shied de curricomb at my head toder day. O Wool! Wool! you is a gone nigger for sartin. Yes, I believe you.

[Exit, L. 1. E.]

SCENE 2. — *Music, "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground."* — Interior of cell. — Black Donald, heavily manacled, totters on L.

1 E. — *He is much emaciated and scarcely able to drag himself along.*

Donald. Curses on them all! Yet, why should I curse her, — that girl? Did she not act boldly and bravely? She did! she did! And I love her for it, though little did I suspect her on that fatal night, when she plunged me through the trap, crushing and breaking all my bones. But, thanks to a stout heart and a strong constitution, I have recovered, and to-morrow, — pah! I must not think of to-morrow; though the crowd shall find that if Black Donald has lived a bad man, he can die a brave one!

Enter CAPITOLA. (During speech she wears hood and cloak.)

Cap. Donald Bayne!

Don. You here! I'm glad you've come, my little one. I wanted to tell you that I was never guilty of murder, and I only consented to your death to save your life. Do you believe me? On the word of a dying man, I speak the truth.

Cap. I do believe you.

Don. God bless you, little one!

Cap. Can you say God bless me, when it was I who put you here?

Don. Tut, tut, child! The outlaw bears no malice. Spite is a civilized vice. It was a fair contest, and you conquered.

Cap. Donald, I have done everything that I could to save your life; I have tried all other means in vain; there is but one left.

Don. (*Quickly*). Is there one?

Cap. There is. Use well the life I'm about to give you, else I shall be chargeable with every future sin you commit.

Don. In the name of mercy, girl, do not hold out a false hope. I had nerved myself to die.

Cap. But you were not prepared to meet your Creator. Listen, Donald, here are tools, with the use of which you must be acquainted. They were found in the woods near the Hidden House. (*Gives bag.*) Will they do?

Don. (*opens it*). Yes, yes! With these I can file off my irons, pick every lock, and dislodge every bar between me and freedom. But there is one thing you have forgotten, girl. Suppose a turnkey or a guard should stop me? You have brought me no revolver!

Cap. Not to save you from death would I have done so. I give you the means of freeing yourself, but it must be done without the shedding of blood!

Don. You are right, girl! you are right!

Cap. Here are a thousand dollars, and when you have picked your way out of this go to the old mill; you will there find my horse, Gyp. Mount and ride for your life to the nearest seaport; from thence you can escape on ship-board to some foreign country.

Don. God bless you, brave girl; and may Heaven forsake me if I do not heed your advice!

Cap. I'll conceal your tools and your money. The guard is at the door. I leave you, — good-by, — and again I say, "Heaven redeem you, Donald Bayne!" (*Exit L. U. E.*)

Don. I don't know how it is; but that girl has raised a feeling in my heart that tells me I am human yet. Good girl! Just at this time, too, when I had given up all hope. With these files and picks I can free myself from this accursed hole. I long for the free air again; and, once beyond these walls, Capicola, thou shalt find that Donald Bayne will redeem himself. The poor outlaw shall yet live to walk erect in the proud consciousness of being a repentant and an honest man. (*Music, "Life on the Ocean Wave."*) [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

SCENE LAST. — *The roadside. — A portion of plantation seen. — A finger post with sign, "To Tip-Top," U. E. L.*

Enter CRAVEN-LE NOIR, L. U. E.

Craven. Truly an exciting adventure. The idea of a girl

challenging a gentleman! Why, the world's becoming so completely changed that I shouldn't wonder if the women usurped our positions in it. Now it is possible this Capitola, whom I candidly confess I love for her money, may accept the terms I offered as the condition of my meeting her. If so, my father's hopes will be fulfilled. If not; why, Craven, my boy, you'll have to look elsewhere for something to carry you safely through this vale of tears.

Enter CAPITOLA, hastily. — She brings two revolvers.

Cap. Mr. Le Noir, —

Cra. Your most obedient, Miss Black.

Cap. I happen to be without father or brother to protect me from affront; I'm therefore under the novel necessity of fighting my own battles. I sent you a note, demanding satisfaction for the slander you circulated against me. Your reply added insult to injury. You do not escape punishment so. There are two pistols, — both are loaded, — take either one you choose. We have met, and we do not *part* until one of us falls!

Cra. Miss Black; as the challenged party, I have the choice of arms, time, and place. I made that choice in my note to you. When you accede to the terms of the meeting, I shall endeavor to give you all the satisfaction you demand.

Cap. What! That base insult again? (*Throws pistol down*) Take up that weapon and defend yourself!

Cra. I most respectfully decline, Miss Black. You are certainly a most charming young lady; but —

Cap. Mr. Le Noir, I give you one minute to decide.

Cra. I have already decided. (*CAPITOLA fires rapidly the six barrels at him. — He falls.*)

Enter HURRICANE, MRS. CONDIMENT, and WOOL, R. U. E. — WOOL catches CRAVEN.

Hur. What the devil does all this mean?

Cap. Only that I've been chastising a craven that insulted me.

Hur. Demme! You New York newsboy! Will you never be a woman? Why didn't you tell me? I'd have called him out, and thrashed him to his heart's content!

Cra. Stay! Let me speak. Let no harm come to Miss Black on my account. Life is ebbing fast. I acknowledge the great wrong I have done her. I slandered her in revenge for her rejection of my suit. Let me die at peace with all.

Cap. (*crosses to c.*) Don't die yet. You've all heard Mr. Le Noir's dying speech and confession. Now be sure you're right, — then go ahead. Is there no one here cool enough to reflect that if I fired six bullets at that man's forehead I should have blown his head into pie?

Hur. What do you mean? Answer me! you wild, infatuated rowdy, you!

Cap. Why, you see, I'd made up my mind to teach Le Noir a lesson, and not wishing to add more to my catalogue of sins, I withdrew the bullets from the pistols, and in their place substituted —

Hur. What?

Cap. Dried peas! Ha! ha! ha! (*All burst out laughing. — CRAVEN walks up and down enraged.*)

Cra. Laughed at and mocked by her! O fool! But I'll be revenged on her yet. Major Warfield, I —

Hur. Dried peas! Ha, ha, ha!

Cra. Miss Black, I —

Cap. How did you like the dried peas? Ha! ha!

Cra. I shall choke with rage. I — I (*Encounters WOOL, L. 1 E.*) —

Wool. Dried peas! Yah, yah! (*CRAVEN pushes him aside and exits, L. 1 E.*)

Wool. I believe you.

[*Exit, L. 1 E.*

Hur. Why the devil didn't you pepper him with something sharper than dried peas?

Cap. Couldn't come it, nunkey. Hadn't the least idea of getting scragged on his account.

Hur. Scragged! You slang-bird! Ill — I'll — I'll have you married at once; for, demme, I can make nothing out of you. You shall marry Herbert as soon as he returns.

Cap. You give your consent, eh, uncle?

Hur. Of course I do. Though I suppose you'd marry without it, if I didn't.

Enter HERBERT, L. U. E.

Cap. O Herbert, I'm so glad you've come.

Herbert. Capitola, I bring you joyful news. Black Donald has escaped.

Cap. (*aside*). Thank Heaven! But poor Gyp, — I shall never see him again.

Enter WOOL, L. U. E.

Wool. O massa major, I've just been down to de stable, and golly, Fleetfoot done and gone.

Hur. What! my best horse missing?

Wool. I believe you. But Gyp was in his stall, and around his neck was dis bag of money and dis ere paper.

Hur. (*takes and reads*). "Three hundred dollars, to pay for Fleetfoot. Black Donald, reformed robber."

Cap. Brave heart!

Hur. Then the devil-dash the robber has escaped; but I'll not get in a rage to-day about it. Herbert, my boy, I received your letter, with the proofs you had obtained of my poor wife's innocence. I have already sent for her and my son.

Her. (*crosses to him*). Yes, sir, and here is the written confession of Col. Le Noir, whom I left on his death-bed, in which

he says he sought to win the affections of Marah Rocke, but that she repulsed and avoided him. (*Crosses L.*)

Hur. My poor wife.

Her. That he bribed her maid to admit him to her chamber, on the night that you found him there; and that in hatred and shame he forebore till now to make this confession.

Cap. Oh! you terrible old man, was this what you meant, when you threatened to put somebody over my head?

Hur. No, no, Capitola, though to keep you in order I'll do so now, — better late than never.

Her. There is still more in the confession, which concerns you Capitola.

Cap. Concerns me! I must be getting some importance in the play.

Her. He confesses to the deception, wrongs, and persecutions practised upon Madame Eugene Le Noir, your mother.

Cap. My mother!

Her. That he caused her to be confined in the Hidden House, and circulated the report of her death. Grief for the loss of her husband and child almost bereft her of reason. She was permitted to wander about the house at will, in order that her mysterious appearance might corroborate the suspicions that the house was haunted. On the night that you slept there she wandered to your chamber, when Le Noir, fearing that all would be discovered, caused her to be confined in a private mad-house.

Cap. And does she still live?

Her. She does.

Cap. O crickey! how happy I feel to think I have a mother.

Her. Means have already been taken for her release. In a few days she will be here to join us. But see, uncle, here is Traverse and your wife!

Enter TRAVERSE, MARAH ROCKE, and CLARA DAY, L. 1 E.

Hur. Marah!

Mar. Husband! (*Crosses and throws herself into his arms. TRAVERSE gets on R.*)

Trav. Father!

Hur. Son!

Cap. There's a splendid tableau; who's going to embrace me?

Wool. (*down L.*) I'se on hand, Miss Catapiller. (*HER. drives him up.*)

Hur. Marah, can you forgive me?

Mar. Ay, and forget, too. For years in silence I have waited for this day! Heaven has smiled upon me, and I am happy.

Cap. I say, uncle, Herbert wants to follow your example, and — and —

Hur. Get married, eh! Why, he's a boy of twenty-five, and a fool to take a wife at his age.

Cap. Not worse than taking a wife at your age, — an infant of sixty-six.

Hur. Bother! Well, you're both of age, do as you please.

Cap. Just what we intend to. (*Goes to HERBERT*).

Hur. Traverse, my boy, you love Miss Day, take her and be happy, both. (*Joins their hands.*) And now, you vagabond, you brat, you vagrant, you beggar, you are the sole heiress of the Hidden House estate, and all its enormous wealth.

Cap. Nunkey, don't mock me. I don't care for wealth or power; but tell me if the parents possessing *both* cast their child to meet the perils and sufferings of such a life as mine?

Hur. We have all been the victims of one villain, — Gabriel Le Noir, — to-morrow Herbert will tell you all, to-day we'll devote to pleasure. We'll have a triple wedding, and, demme, all get married together.

Wool. (*down L.*) Hold on massa, here's Pit-a-pat here. (*She enters, L. U. E.*) She is dying for a husband, and if you've no objections I'll take her, and make a quartette of it.

Hur. What, Wool, you want to get married?

Wool. Yes, I believe you.

Cap. Then our play is ended. Miss Day, you have got the man of your choice. Uncle, I congratulate you on your reconciliation to yours, for now I shall have less fear to soothe, and make a respectable old man of you. For myself, Herbert, if you love me, there's my hand, and under your *manly* protection may I never have cause to regret the step that I have taken, or wish for the days to return when I wore the habits of the — "POOR NEWSBOY." (*Music*).

CURTAIN ON PICTURE.





SOUTHWORTH, Emma (Dorothy Eliza Nevitte), novelist, was born Dec. 26, 1819 in Washington, D. C., where she received an excellent education. An early marriage with Frederick Southworth resulted unfortunately, and she was compelled to become a teacher in the public schools of Washington in order to support herself and an infant boy and girl. She commenced her career as an author by writing short stories for the Baltimore "Visitor." Her first serial story, "Retribution," was published in the "National Era" of Washington in 1847. It was afterwards republished in book form and attracted much attention. Henry Peterson, publisher of the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," then the leading story paper of the country, was impressed by her growing power and invited her to become a contributor to his columns. She accepted his invitation, and for several years contributed to the "Post" serial stories which Mr. Peterson afterward reprinted in book form. When Robert Bonner purchased the New York "Ledger" he secured her exclusive services as a contributor to that journal, and this arrangement continued for more than thirty years. From 1857 to 1860 she resided in England. For many years she was a resident of Georgetown, D. C., but in 1876 removed to Yonkers, N. Y., where she purchased a pleasant home in which she has since resided. During her long and exceedingly prolific career as an author she has written and published sixty-eight novels. The most popular of these are "The Deserted Wife," "The Mother-in-Law," "Curse of Clifton," "The Discarded Daughter," "The Lost Heiress," "Ishmael," "Self-Raised," "Only a Girl's Heart," "The Trail of the Serpent," and "The Hidden Hand." The latter in a dramatized version was for many years exceedingly popular on the English and American stage. Mrs. Southworth's stories are located for the most part in Maryland and Virginia. They display great ingenuity in the construction of plot and character, and good descriptive powers. They all have a distinct moral purpose. Previous to the civil war Mrs. Southworth was an ardent abolitionist, and by her writings greatly aided that cause. She is a woman of refined sensibilities, and a brilliant conversationalist, and is greatly beloved in private life.



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